

That locke vp your restraint. For you *Posthumus*,
So soone as I can win th'offended King,
I will be knowne your Advocate: marry yet
The fire of Rage is in him, and 'twere good
You lean'd vnto his Sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may informe you.
Post. Please your Highnesse,

I will from hence to day.

Qu. You know the perill:

He fetch a turne about the Garden, pitting
The pangs of barr'd Affections, though the King
Hath charg'd you should not speake together. *Exit*

Imo. O dissembling Curtesie! How fine this Tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds? My dearest Husband,
I something feare my Fathers wrath, but nothing
(Alwayes refer'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me. You must be gone,
And I shall heere abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes: not comforted to liue,
But that there is this Iwell in the world,
That I may see againe.

Post. My Queene, my Mistis:

O Lady, weepe no more, least I giue cause
To be suspected of more tendernesse
Then doth become a man. I will remaine
The loyall husband, that did ere plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one *Fulvio's*,
Who, to my Father was a Friend, to me
Knowne but by Letter; thither write (my Queene)
And with mine eyes, He drinke the words you send,
Though Inke be made of Gall.

Enter Queene.

Qu. Be briefe, I pray you:

If the King come, I shall incurre, I know not
How much of his displeasure: yet Ile moue him
To walke this way: I neuer do him wrong,
But he do's buy my Iniuries, to be Friends:
Payes deere for my offences.

Post. Should we be taking leaue
As long a terme as yet we haue to liue,
The loathnesse to depart, would grow: Adieu.

Imo. Nay, stay a little:

Were you but riding forth to ayre your selfe,
Such parting were too petty. - Looke heere (*Loue*)
This Diamond was my Mothers; take it (*Heart*)
But keepe it till you woo another Wife,
When *Imogen* is dead.

Post. How, how? Another?

You gentle Gods, giue me but this I haue,
And seare vp my embracements from a next,
With bonds of death. Remaine, remaine thou heere,
While sence can keepe it on: And sweetest, fairest,
As I (my poore selfe) did exchange for you
To your so infinite losse; so in our trifles
I still winne of you. For my sake weare this,
It is a Manacle of Loue, Ile place it
Vpon this fayrest Prisoner.

Imo. O the Gods!

When shall we see againe?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alacke, the King.

Cym. Thou basest thing, auoyd hence, from my sight:
If after this command thou fraught the Court
With thy vnworthinesse, thou dyest. Away,
Thou'rt poyson to my blood.

Post. The Gods protect you,

And blesse the good Remainders of the Court:
I am gone.

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharpe then this is.

Cym. O disloyall thing,
That should'st repayre my youth, thou heape'st
A yeares age on mee.

Imo. I beseech you Sir,
Harme not your selfe with your vexation,
I am sencelesse of your Wrath; a Touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all feares.

Cym. Past Grace? Obedience?

Imo. Past hope, and in dispaire, that way past Grace.
Cym. That might'st haue had

The sole Sonne of my Queene.

Imo. O blessed, that I might not: I chose an Eagle,
And did auoyd a Puttocke.

Cym. Thou took'st a Begger, would'st haue made my
Throne, a Seate for basenesse.

Imo. No, I rather added a lustre to it.

Cym. O thou vilde one!

Imo. Sir,

It is your fault that I haue lou'd *Posthumus*:
You bred him as my Play-fellow, and he is
A man, worth any woman: Ouer-buys mee
Almost the summe he payes.

Cym. What? art thou mad?

Imo. Almost Sir: Heauen restore me: would I were
A Neat-heards Daughter, and my *Leonatus*
Our Neighbour-Shepherds Sonne.

Enter Queene.

Cym. Thou foolish thing;

They were againe together: you haue done
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her vp.

Qu. Beseech your patience: Peace

Deere Lady daughter, peace. Sweet Soueraigne,
Leaue vs to our selues, and make your self some comfort
Out of your best aduice.

Cym. Nay, let her languish

A drop of blood a day, and being aged

Dye of this Polly.

Exit.

Enter Pisano.

Qu. Fye, you must giue way:

Heere is your Seruant. How now Sir? What newes?

Pisa. My Lord your Sonne, drew on my Master.

Qu. Hah?

No harme I trust is done?

Pisa. There might haue beene,
But that my Master rather plaid, then fought,
And had no helpe of Anger: they were parted
By Gentlemen, at hand.

Qu. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your Son's my Fathers friend, he takes his part
To draw vpon an Exile. O braue Sir,
I would they were in Affricke both together,
My selfe by with a Needle, that I might pricke
The goer backe. Why came you from your Master?

Pisa. On his command: he would not suffer mee
To bring him to the Hauen: lest these Notes
Of what commands I should be subiect too,
When't pleas'd you to employ me.

Qu. This hath beene

Your faithfull Seruant: I dare lay mine Honour
He will remaine so.

Pisa. I humbly thanke your Highnesse.

Qu.

Qu. Pray walke a-while.

Imo. About some halfe houre hence,
Pray you speake with me;
You shall (at least) go see my Lord aboard.
For this time leaue me. *Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Enter Clotten, and two Lords.

1. Sir, I would aduise you to shift a Shirt: the Vio-
lence of Action hath made you reek as a Sacrifice: where
ayre comes out, ayre comes in: There's none abroad so
wholesome as that you vent.

Clot. If my Shirt were bloody, then to shift it.
Haue I hurt him?

2. No faith: not so much as his patience.

1. Hurt him? His bodie's a passable Carkasse if he bee
not hurt. It is a through-fare for Steele if it be not hurt.

2. His Steele was in debt, it went o'th'Backe-side the
Towne.

Clot. The Villaine would not stand me.

2. No, but he fled forward still, toward your face.

1. Stand you? you haue Land enough of your owne:
But he added to your hauings, gaue you some ground.

2. As many Inches, as you haue Oceans (Puppies.)

Clot. I would they had not come betwene vs.

2. So would I, till you had measur'd how long a Foole
you were vpon the ground.

Clot. And that thee should loue this Fellow, and re-
fute mee.

2. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damn'd.
1. Sir, as I told you alwayes: her Beauty & her Braine
go not together. Shee's a good signe, but I haue scene
small reflection of her wit.

2. She shines not vpon Fooles, least the reflection
should hurt her.

Clot. Come, Ile to my Chamber: would there had
beene some hurt done.

2. I wish not so, vnlesse it had bin the fall of an Asse,
which is no great hurt.

Clot. You'l go with vs?

1. Ile attend your Lordship.

Clot. Nay come, let's go together.

2. Well my Lord.

Exeunt.

Scena Quarta.

Enter Imogen, and Pisano.

Imo. I would thou grew'st vnto the shores o'th'Hauen,
And question'd'st euery Saile: if he should write,
And I not haue it, 'twere a Paper lost
As offer'd mercy is: What was the last
That he spake to thee?

Pisa. It was his Queene, his Queene.

Imo. Then wou'd his Handkerchiefe?

Pisa. And kist it, Madam.

Imo. Senselesse Linnen, happier therein then I:
And that was all?

Pisa. No Madam: for so long

As he could make me with his eye, or eare,
Distinguish him from others, he did keepe
The Decke, with Gloue, or Hat, or Handkerchiefe,
Still waving, as the fies and stirres of's mind
Could best expresse how slow his Soule sayl'd on,
How swift his Ship.

Imo. Thou should'st haue made him,
As little as a Crow, or lesse, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pisa. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would haue broke mine eye-strings;
Crack'd them, but to looke vpon him, till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharpe as my Needle:

Nay, followed him, till he had melted from
The smalnesse of a Gnat, to ayre: and then
Haue turn'd mine eye, and wept. But good *Pisano*,

When shall we heare from him.

Pisa. Be assur'd Madam,

With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leaue of him, but had

Most pretty things to say: Ere I could tell him

How I would thinke on him at certaine houres,

Such thoughts, and such: Or I could make him sweare,

The Shees of Italy should not betray

Mine Interest, and his Honour: or haue charg'd him

At the sixt houre of Morne, at Noone, at Midnight,

T'encounter me with Orisons, for then

I am in Heauen for him: Or ere I could,

Giue him that parting kisse, which I had set

Berwixt two charming words, comes in my Father,

And like the Tyrannous breathing of the North,

Shakes all our buddes from growing.

Enter a Lady.

La. The Queene (Madam)
Desires your Highnesse Company.

Imo. Those things I bid you do, get them dispatch'd,
I will attend the Queene.

Pisa. Madam, I shall.

Exeunt.

Scena Quinta.

*Enter Philario, Iachimo: a Frenchman, a Dutch-
man, and a Spaniard.*

Iach. Beleeue it Sir, I haue scene him in Britaine; hee
was then of a Cressent note, expected to proue so woor-
thy, as since he hath beene allowed the name of. But I
could then haue look'd on him, without the help of Ad-
miracion, though the Catalogue of his endowments had
bin tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by Items.

Phil. You speake of him when he was lesse furnish'd,
then now hee is, with that which makes him both with-
out, and within.

French. I haue scene him in France: wee had very ma-
ny there, could behold the Sunne, with as firme eyes as
hee.

Iach. This matter of marrying his Kings Daughter,
wherein he must be weighed rather by her valew, then
his owne, words him (I doubt not) a great deale from the
matter.

French. And then his banishment.

Iach. I, and the approbation of those that weepe this
lamentable diuorce vnder her colours, are wonderfully

to